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Thesis

IMPERIALISM in KIPLING'S POETRY

by

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IMPERIALISM in KIPLING'S POETRY

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Project Management Plan

INTRODUCTION
and
STATEMENT of PROBLEM

Today we are watching the British Empire in its struggle against odds endeavor to hold together its far-flung lands. We have seen the way in which the "Five Free Nations"¹ responded to the call for help from England, the Mother Country. We know how through those lands the peoples are working to preserve that which was built and bound together into a great unity by years of struggle. Therefore, it seems only fitting to turn to the poetry of the man who above all others sang of that building. In the following pages, an effort will be made to show through a study of Rudyard Kipling's life, of the period in which he lived, and by quotation from his poetry, that the British Empire, his love for it and its peoples, were so closely interwoven into his life that through his poetry he became the voice of that Empire. Although never honored by the title of Poet Laureate, Kipling wrote more poetry--and from a more basic understanding--about the happenings which necessarily accompanied the growth of an empire than any other poet before or since. To be sure, all of that poetry was not welcomed by the readers, since Kipling's pen was as ready to censor as to glorify, to criticize the blunders of politicians and the seeming blindness of citizens as to praise the exploits of the pioneers and soldiers. This marked note of imperialism was sounded while Kipling was still a school-boy and continued to be the key-note of most of his best writing throughout his life.

1--Kipling, "The Five Nations", The Young Queen



EARLY LIFE
and
HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

Rudyard Kipling was born at Bombay, India on December 30, 1865-- in the middle of a decade of which one historian has written "the 'sixties were the most formative years in history between the era of Napoleon and the revolutionary convulsions following the great war of our own day."¹ It was the decade during which three great changes in political history were accomplished. The American Civil War brought about a closer union within that country on a basis of the emancipation of the negro. The crowning of Victor Emanuel as King of Italy marked the national union of Italy on a basis of freedom. The crowning of William I as Emperor of Germany marked the national union of that country on a basis of a progressive military despotism which has continued to march on to this day. In but one of these struggles so culminated was England on the right side--that of Italy. Further, the quarter century which preceded that decade was "the period in the settlement of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, which decided that those lands should be peopled mainly from Britain and should become parts of a free British Commonwealth."² That quarter century was also the period which witnessed the Sepoy mutiny which resulted in the British passing "an act by which the government of British India is transferred from the East India Company and given to the direct control of the crown,"³ and also the First and Second Burmese Wars. This decade from 1859 to 1870 was to be followed by another of great importance and interest in world historical development--a period during which four wars,

1--Trevelyan, "British History in the Nineteenth Century, p.366

2-- " " " , p.257

3--Webster's New International Dictionary, Historical Ref., p. 58

the Russo-Turkish, the Spanish-American, the Russo-Japanese, and the Balkan, were fought. And it was a period during which Britain was so intensely busy fighting twelve wars of her own that she had little or no time in which to notice carefully what the rest of the world was doing. Yet we find that in 1895, under Salisbury, two aspects of Imperialism were set forth, "first the need to attach the white democracies overseas more closely to the idea of Imperial unity; and secondly the need for the Empire to secure its share of new lands, in the scramble then going on for the rest of the world's unappropriated surface."¹ The first of these was more nearly Kipling's understanding of Imperialism, for he seemed to think of the Empire as a union of free nations working together in good will for a common cause.

Thus Kipling was born and lived his early childhood and boyhood during the years that the Empire was beginning to stretch and stir in its awakening of self. Both his grandfathers had been Wesleyan Ministers which may account for some of his singleness of purpose in preaching of the Empire. His father, at the time of Kipling's birth taught sculpture in the Bombay School of Art; and he was later to become director of the Lahore Museum. Both father and mother wrote for newspapers and magazines, as their son later found to his joy.

When Kipling was three, he started on his journeys which were to continue through his life and which, as did this one, were always

¹--Trevelyan, "British History in the Nineteenth Century, p.411

to end in England. This time he went with his mother and ayah; later they returned to India, this time accompanied by a little sister. He tells us that his earliest memories were of "early morning walks to the Bombay fruit market with my ayah and later with my sister in her perambulator, and of our returns with our purchases piled high on the bows of it."¹

Like all children born of English parents at work in the far-flung corners of the world, Kipling spoke the native tongue--in this case, Hindustani--first and more fluently than English; but he learned to love and to think of England as home. Twice in his poetry we find him telling of that heritage and its results which he found of value.

"Something I owe to the soil that grew--
 More to the life that fed--
 But most to Allah Who gave me two
 Separate sides to my head.

"I would go without shirts or shoes
 Friends, tobacco, or bread,
 Sooner than for an instant lose
 Either side of my head."²

And again we find that he considered this having "two separate sides to my head" important to a greater understanding of England and the Empire; for he writes--

"We've drunk to the Queen--God bless her!--
 We've drunk to our mothers' land;
 We've drunk to our English brother
 (But he does not understand);
 We've drunk to the wide creation,
 And the Cross swings low for the morn;
 Last toast, and of obligation,
 A health to the Native-born!"³

1--Kipling, "Something of Myself", p.3

2-- " , "Kim", heading Chapter 8

3-- " , "The Seven Seas", The Native-born

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress.

2. The second part is a report from the Secretary of the Treasury on the state of the Union.

3. The third part is a report from the Secretary of the Navy on the state of the Navy.

4. The fourth part is a report from the Secretary of the War on the state of the War.

5. The fifth part is a report from the Secretary of the Interior on the state of the Interior.

6. The sixth part is a report from the Secretary of the Agriculture on the state of the Agriculture.

7. The seventh part is a report from the Secretary of the Commerce on the state of the Commerce.

8. The eighth part is a report from the Secretary of the Education on the state of the Education.

9. The ninth part is a report from the Secretary of the Justice on the state of the Justice.

"They change their skies above them,
 But not their hearts that roam!.
 We learned from our wistful mothers
 To call old England 'home';
 We read of the English skylark,
 Of the spring in the English lanes,
 But we screamed with the painted lories
 As we rode on the dusty plains!

"They passed with their old-world legends--
 Their tales of wrong and dearth--
 Our fathers held by purchase,
 But we by right of birth;
 Our heart's where they rocked our cradle,
 Our love where we spent our toil,
 And our faith and our hope and our honour
 We pledge to our native soil!

"I charge you charge your glasses--
 I charge you drink with me
 To the men of the Four New Nations,
 And the Islands of the Sea--
 To the last least lump of coral
 That none may stand outside,
 And our own good pride shall teach us
 To praise our comrade's pride!

"To the hush of the breathless morning
 On the thin, tin crackling roofs,
 To the haze of the burned back-ranges
 And the dust of the shoeless hoofs--
 To the risk of a death by drowning,
 To the risk of a death by drouth--
 To the men of a million acres,
 To the Sons of the Golden South!

* * * * *

"To the smoke of a hundred coasters,
 To the sheep on a thousand hills,
 To the sun that never blisters,
 To the rain that never chills--
 To the land of the waiting spring-time,
 To our five-meal, meat-fed men,
 To the tall, deep-bosomed women,
 And the children nine and ten!

* * * * *

"To the far-flung fenceless prairie
 Where the quick cloud-shadows trail,
 To our neighbor's barn in the offing
 And the line of the new-cut rail;
 To the plough in her league-long furrow
 With the gray Lake gulls behind--
 To the weight of a half-year's winter
 And the warm wet western wind!

"To the home of the floods and thunder,
 To her pale dry healing blue--
 To the lift of the great Cape combers,
 And the smell of the baked Karroo.
 To the growl of the sluicing stann-head--
 To the reef and the water-gold,
 To the last and the largest Empire,
 To the map that is half unrolled!

"To our dear dark foster-mothers,
 To the heathen songs they sung--
 To the heathen speech we babbled
 Ere we came to the white man's tongue,
 To the cool of our deep verandas--
 To the blaze of our jewelled main,
 To the night, to the palms in the moonlight,
 And the fire-fly in the cane!

"To the hearth of our people's people--
 To her well-ploughed windy sea,
 To the hush of our dread high-altar
 Where The Abbey makes us We:
 To the grist of the slow-ground ages,
 To the gain that is yours and mine--
 To the Bank of the Open Credit,
 To the Power-house of the Line!

"We've drunk to the Queen--God bless her!--
 We've drunk to our mothers' land;
 We've drunk to our English brother
 (And we hope he'll understand).
 We've drunk as much as we're able,
 And the Cross swings low for the morn;
 Last toast--and your foot on the table!--
 A health to the Native-born!"

Thus Rudyard Kipling showed as nowhere better in his poetry his love
 for the various parts of the growing Empire and his feeling of the

value those born in such lands can be to the Empire,--for here he toasts in succession Australis, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, India, and England, with their native sons. So Kipling, a "Native-born", lived and grew in India for six years during which the foundation was laid for his future understanding of the Empire.

But there comes a time when all Anglo-Indians feel that their children must go back to England. The climate is partly responsible, but the urge to have the children really to know and to love England and English ways is the strongest factor. In the Kiplings' case, the decision was hastened by the apparent possibility of another Sepoy disturbance. Therefore Rudyard and his sister were taken to England by their mother in 1872. There they were placed in the care of a well recommended, God-fearing woman at Southsea, near Portsmouth.

Then followed six years of trouble for the boy, misunderstood and disliked by the Woman, tormented by her son, befriended only by her husband, and frequently barred from his sister as unfit for her association. Years when he learned to read, and using books as a refuge, read himself nearly blind. Years when he read any and every book he could obtain. Years during which he became so thoroughly acquainted with the Bible that traces of influence crop up in many of his writings--for the Woman was deeply religious and believed in using the Bible as punishment, but in that Book Rudyard had found interest rather than work. Years of training in observation of human meanings which was later to bear fruit. Years that added a

strain of cynicism and bitterness to an otherwise happy, cheerful nature. Years which ended in a doctor's visit, the mother's return from India, freedom from the "house of Desolation", and glasses.

Yet those years were not entirely lost ground for in each he had spent one month at the grange with his mother's sister, the wife of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. There he had played happily and normally with his cousins. There he had met other members of the Pre-Raphaelite group--William Morris, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Dante Gabriel Rossetti--and thus casually was started his contact with men of letters.

After his rescue from the "House of Desolation", there were a few months of utter freedom;--first ranging a farm in Epping Forest, and then the parks and streets of London. Probably the most important influence of these free days was the time spent with his sister browsing in the South Kensington Museum. Here he discovered a Dickens manuscript and learned for the first time that big difference between penmanship and writing, learned that some adults were as interested in words as he, and that his mother and father both were in that grouping. During ~~these~~ months also, the habit of night wandering, which was to be his from then on, first showed itself.

But the mother had to return to India and again the children must be left behind--this time "to the care of three dear ladies who lived off the far end of Kensington High Street over against Addison Road, in a house filled with books, peace, kindness,

patience and what to-day would be called 'culture'. But it was natural atmosphere."¹ Here Rudyard was not to stay for very long periods at a time, as he was now twelve and reluctantly ready for school.

In the spring of 1878, Kipling was sent to The United Services College at Westward Ho! at the far end of England. It was then in its early beginnings and headed by Cromell Price whom the boy had known as "Uncle Crom" when visiting his Burne-Jones cousins. The six years spent at school were formative, and for the most part happy years. He was in a world of men and boys, learning to give and take as all men must, sharing in studies, games and just roaming with other boys, making friendships to last through the years. Here, he saw other boys being prepared to go into the services of their country's need. Here, because of his glasses, he was barred from much of the games program which is so fundamentally a part of the English Public School. Here, he was encouraged to satisfy his thirst for books and words. Given the freedom of such libraries as there were, he read more of Tennyson and Browning, and discovered Bret Harte and Walt Whitman.

During the first year at the school, Lockwood Kipling came from Lahore to Paris to take charge of the Indian Exhibits in the Paris Exhibition of '78. He stopped at the school to arrange to have his son go with him. That visit became a glorious milestone in the boy's life. He was given the run of the Exhibition grounds and, to some extent, the city. He learned French and to love France, the country

1--Kipling, "Something of Myself", p.25

which was to remain for him second only to England. The visit was important also in that it reunited the father and son in a friendship and comradeship which was to be enduring.

At school again, he tells us himself that after his second year "the tide of writing set in". And he was encouraged in that writing. He was put in charge of the school paper, "The Chronicle". He wrote many poems--some merely doggerel--most of which he sent to his parents in India. These they collected in a small volume and printed privately--this fact Kipling apparently kept secret from his mates. In 1882 Mr. Price encouraged him to write a prize poem in a school contest. He used the Battle of Assaye in India under Wellington, September, 1803, as his subject. He had found notes on this battle while browsing in the library of "the three dear ladies", and the result was the poem he called The Battle of Assye. This poem, thus based on the notes of past events, was an indication and fore-runner of all those poems of the Empire's soldiers and battles which were to come from his pen. However, the poem of this period which has the most significance and showed his future imperialistic trend most clearly was his favorite, Ave Imperatrix, written in thanksgiving for the escape of Queen Victoria from an assassin's attempt in the spring of 1882.

"From every quarter of Your land
They give God thanks who turned away
Death and the needy madman's hand
Death-fraught which menaced You that day.

"One school, of many made to make
Men who shall hold it dearest right
To battle for their ruler's sake,
And stake their being in the fight,

"Sends greeting humble and sincere--
 Though verse be rude and poor and mean--
 To You, the greatest as most dear--
 Victoria, by God's grace Our Queen.

* * * * *

"And all are bred to do Your will
 By land and sea--wherever flies
 The Flag to fight and follow still,
 And work Your Empire's destinies.

"Once more we greet You, though unseen
 Our greeting be, and coming slow.
 Trust us if need arise, O Queen;
 We shall not tarry with the blow!"

This poem published in the "Chronicle" was the first to show this note which was to predominate in Kipling's poetry. Here he has sent a greeting from the school, offered the services of the boys in any future need, and used the word, EMPIRE, in a sense not before considered. It was EMPIRE in the sense in which Kipling was always to think of it, and as many have since come to use it.

Kipling's last days at the school were happy ones. He was to return to India in the late summer of 1882; there he was to serve as fifty per cent of the editorial staff of the "Civil and Military Gazette" in Lahore for one hundred silver rupees a month! Lahore, where his father and mother lived, meant that the family was to be reunited in India--enough joy for any man, in Kipling's estimation.

YEARS of MANHOOD

With his return to India Rudyard Kipling, then nearly seventeen, stepped from boyhood into independent manhood. To be sure for the first of these years he was living in his father's house but the reunion was a happy, fruitful one--fruitful in that two books resulted, one by the entire family and the other, a book of verses, by the brother and sister. However he was now a man on his own with a man's job about which he knew he had much to learn. His working hours were long and difficult, but during them he was to learn much about writing-- primarily the need of brevity and the ability to say much in a small space with few words. This was to serve him well and make him famous for his short story technique so that later he was to be the first British subject to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature.

During the summer months when his family went to the hills and his job kept him on the plains, his habit of night wandering reasserted itself. During his leisure hours or at night he lived in a world of men and action. He talked, at the Club, with Army officers and Civilian workers of the Empire; he roamed the native quarters of the city accompanied by his native body-servant; he made friends with the soldiers and non-commissioned officers--always unconsciously adding to his knowledge and love of the Empire and its work. His Hindustani tongue returned to him and his childhood memories helped to build within him his two-sided understanding.

During these six years in India Kipling worked on the staff of two papers. Both used his short stories and his poetry--which he was continually writing now--as space fillers. Later, when gathered

together, these made two volumes--"Plain Tales from the Hills" and "Departmental Ditties". The latter is of interest here chiefly as it showed his ability to find subjects for poetry in the commonplace and also his tendency to write on subjects somewhat related to Empire interest. Among these poems are found Army Headquarters, The Legion of the Foreign Office, Public Waste, and Pagett, M.F.,--no one of which is of any real importance except as they point ahead. The last named showed his contempt for the men who visited India briefly and superficially, yet expected to write intelligent reports back home. However he, himself, was to be guilty of this same sin when visiting San Francisco in later years.

It was during one of his wakeful nights that Kipling happened to read Walter Besant's novel "All in a Garden Fair". This reading awakened within him a determination to return to England as soon as finances would allow, and he began at once to plan and save for that purpose. Later the "Pioneer" of Allahabad gave him a roving reporter's assignment within India, thus giving him more opportunity to study at first hand more of that great land. After he had worked for a while on that basis, he asked for permission to move farther afield. He was given a commission to cover the travels he wished to make and released with six months' pay. This together with what he obtained from the sale of the rights to his books--now mounted to eight in number and all prose except "Departmental Ditties"--he started on his return to England by way of Japan and the United States arriving in London in 1889.

It was during this journey home that, in one of his letters to the "Pioneer", he wrote:--

"There must be born a poet who shall give the English songs of their own, own country--which is to say, of about half the world. *** Will anyone take the contract?"

And while in London he seems to have answered that question and decided to take that contract himself, for he tells us--

"In the Neolithic Age savage warfare did I wage
For food and fame and wooly horses' pelt;
I was singer to my clan in that dim, red Dawn of
Man,
And I sang of all we fought and feared and felt.

"Yea, I sang as now I sing, when the Prehistoric spring
Made the piled Biscayan ice-pack split and shove;
And the troll and gnome and dwerg, and the Gods of
Cliff and Berg
Were about me and beneath me and above.

* * * * *

"Still a cultured Christian age sees us scuffle, squeak,
and rage,
Still we pinch and slap and jabber, scratch and dirk;
Still we let our business slide--as we dropped the
half-dressed hide--
To show a fellow-savage how to work.

"Still the world is wondrous large,--seven seas from
marge to marge,--
And it holds a vast of various kinds of man;
And the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of
Khatmandhu,
And the crimes of Clapham chast in Martaban.

"Here's my wisdom for your use, as I learned it when
the moose
And the reindeer roared where Paris roars to-
night:--
There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal
lays,
And--every--single--one--of--them--is--
right!"₂

As from now on he tried to prove while his interest in the Empire strengthened and his songs of Empire became more numerous.

Henceforth England was to be his home although he was always

to be possessed of what he himself called "Go-Fever" and was to wander frequently to various parts of the Empire and to the United States. Before his marriage in 1892 to an American girl, Caroline Balestier, he had left England twice; once for a brief stay in Italy and once on an extended trip to those parts of the Empire he had not previously visited--South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Southern India--returning home through his beloved Lahore and Bombay.

After marriage his honeymoon was to have been a world tour but earthquakes and bank failures stopped them in Japan and forced their return to Vermont where they had just left his mother-in-law, Mrs. Balestier. But in spite of his American wife and years of Vermont life, Kipling was never really to understand and like Americans as a whole--although he had some very close American friends--nor the United States. Each year spent in the States seemed to make him more English; and finally he moved his family to England.

He settled his family contentedly in Rottingdean and lived quietly within his widened family circle--a circle which included the Burne-Jones family, his Baldwin cousins, and his own father and mother now back from India, all living fairly near at hand--until 1897 when he again visited Cape Town. This time he made the friendship with Cecil Rhodes which was to last until the latter's death. Kipling always felt the Rhodes was a very great man and builder of the Empire. Until after the Boer War Kipling and his family were to make many visits to South Africa during the winter months of England.

Thus his roving foot took him over the paths of the "Seven Seas" and on many visits to the "Five Free Nations", but always he returned to England, his first love--the heart of his Empire. And of all

England he loved Sussex best, there the Kiplings finally found a home which to them seemed ideal. Kipling sings of his love of England and Sussex

"Our England is a garden that is full of stately views,
Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and avenues,
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting by;
But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than meets the
 eyes.

* * * * *

"Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his
 knees,
So when your work is finished, you can wash your
 hands and pray
For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass away!
For the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away!"¹

"Take of English earth as much
As either hand may rightly clutch.
In the taking of it breathe
Prayers for all who lie beneath--
Not the great nor well bespoke,
But the mere uncounted folk
Of whose life and death is none
Report or lamentation.
Lay that earth upon thy heart,
And thy sickness shall depart!"²

"God gives all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved over all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground--in a fair ground--
Yea, Sussex by the sea!"³

1--Kipling, "Songs of Youth, The Glory of the Garden

2-- " , "Rewards and Fairies", A Charm

3-- " , "The Five Nations", Sussex

SONGS of EMPIRE BUILDING

"Trackway and Camp and City lost,
Salt Marsh where now is corn--
Old Wars, Old Peace, old Arts that cease,
And so was England born!

"She is not any common Earth,
Water or wood or air,
But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye,
Where you and I will fare!"¹

"Over the graves of the Druids and under the wreck of
Rome
Rudely but surely they bedded the plinth of the days to
come.
Behind the feet of the Legions and before the Norse-
man's ire
Rudely but greatly begat they the framing of State and
Shire.
Rudely but deeply they laboured, and their labour stands
till now,
If we trace on our ancient headlands the twist of their
eight-ox plough. . . ." ²

"Fair is our lot--O goodly is our heritage!
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)
For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the
Earth!

* * * * *

"Keep ye the Law--be swift in all obedience--
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the
ford.
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve
the Lord!"³

"There's no sense in going further--it's the edge
of cultivation,'
So they said, and I believed it--broke my land and
sowed my crop--
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little
border station
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run
out and stop.

1--Kipling, "Songs for Youth", Puck's Song
2-- " , " , The King's Task
3-- " , "Verses", A Song of the English

"Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable
 changes
 On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated
 --so;
 'Something nidden. Go and find it. Go and look
 behind the Ranges--
 'Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and wait-
 ing for you. Go!'

"So I went, worn out of patience: 'never told my
 nearest neighbours--
 Stole away with pack and ponies--left 'em drinking
 in the town;
 And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem to
 help my labours
 As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up and
 leading down.

* * * * *

"I remember lighting fires; I remember sitting by
 them;
 I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through the
 smoke;
 I remember they were fancy--for I threw a stone to
 try 'em.
 'Something lost behind the Ranges,' was the only
 word they spoke.

* * * * *

"But at last the country altered--White man's country
 past disputing--
 Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills
 behind--
 There I found me food and water, and I lay a week
 recruiting,
 Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I
 entered on my find.

"Thence I ran my first rough survey--chose my trees
 and blazed and ringed 'em--
 Week by week I pried and sampled--week by week
 my findings grew.
 Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he
 found a kingdom!
 But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had struck the
 worth of two!

* * * * *

"Well I know who'll take the credit--all the clever
 chaps that followed--
 Came, a dozen men together--never knew my desert
 fears;
 Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water-
 holes I'd hollowed.
 They'll go back and do the talking. They'll be
 called the Pioneers!

* * * * *

"Yes, your 'Never-never country'--yes, your 'edge
 of cultivation'
 And 'no sense in going further'--till I crossed the
 range to see.
 God forgive me! No, I didn't. It's God's present
 to our nation.
 Anybody might have found it but--His Whisper
 came to Me!" 1

"We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-
 stified town;
 We yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange
 roads go down.
 Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power
 with the Need,
 Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.
 As the deer breaks--as the steer breaks--from the
 herd where they graze,
 In the faith of little children we went on our ways.
Then the wood failed--then the food failed--then
 the last water dried--
 In the faith of little children we lay down and died.
 On the sand-drift--on the veldt-side--in the fern-
 scrub we lay,
 That our sons might follow after by the bones on the
 way.
 Follow after--follow after! We have watered the
 root,
 And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for
 fruit!
 Follow after--we are waiting, by the trails that we
 lost,
 For the sounds of many footsteps, for the tread of a
 host.
 Follow after--follow after--for the harvest is sown;
 By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to
 your own!" 2

1--Kipling, "The Five Nations", The Explorer
 2-- " " , "Verses", The Song of the Dead

"Here, where my fresh-turned furrows run,
 And the deep soil glistens red,
 I will repair the wrong that was done
 To the living and the dead.
 Here, where the senseless bullet fell,
 And the barren shrapnel burst,
 I will plant a tree, I will dig a well,
 Against the heat and the thirst.

* * * * *

"Bless then, our God, the new-yoked plough
 And the good beasts that draw,
 And the bread we eat in the sweat of our brow
 According to Thy Law.
 After us cometh a multitude--
 Prosper the work of our hands,
 That we may feed with our land's food
 The folk of all our lands!

"Here in the waves and the troughs of the plains,
 Where the healing stillness lies,
 And the vast, benignant sky restrains
 And the long days make wise--
 Bless to our use the rain and the sun
 And the blind seed in its bed,
 That we may repair the wrong that was done
 To the living and the dead!"
 1

"Take up the White Man's burden--
 Send forth the best ye breed--
 Go bind your sons to exile
 To serve your captives' need;
 To wait in heavy harness,
 On fluttered folk and wild--
 Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
 Half-devil and half-child.

* * * * *

"Take up the White Man's burden--
 Ye dare not stoop to less--
 Nor call too loud on Freedom
 To cloak your weariness;
 By all ye cry or whisper,
 By all ye leave or do,
 The silent, sullen peoples
 Shall weigh your Gods and you.

1--Kipling, "The Five Nations", The Settler

"Take up the White Man's burden--
 Have done with childish days--
 The lightly proffered laurel,
 The easy, ungrudged praise.
 Comes now, to search your manhood
 Through all the thankless years,
 Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
 The judgment of your peers!" 1

"There's never a flood goes shoreward now
 But lifts a keel we manned;
 There's never an ebb goes seaward now
 But drops our dead on the sand--
 But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,
 From the Ducies to the Swin.
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 Lord God, we ha' paid it in!" 2

"The wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops down
 from afar--
 Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind
 white sea-snakes are,
 There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of
 the deep,
 Or the great gray level plains of ooze where the shell-
 burred cables creep.

* * * * *

"They have wakened the timeless Things; they have
 killed their father Time;
 Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the last
 of the sun.
 Hush! Men talk to-day o'er the waste of the ulti-
 mate slime,
 And a new Word runs between: whispering, 'Let
 us be one!'" 3

"One from the ends of the earth--gifts at an open door--
 Treason has much, but we, Mother, thy sons have more!
 From the whine of a dying man, from the snarl of a
 wolf-pack freed,
 Turn, and the world is thine. Mother, be proud of
 thy seed!
 Count, are we feeble or few? Hear, is our speech so
 rude?
 Look, are we poor in land? Judge, are we men
 of The Blood?

1--Kipling, "The Five Nations", The White Man's Burden
 2-- " , "Verses", The Song of the Dead
 3-- " , " , The Deep-Sea Cables

"Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go call
 them in--
 We that were bred overseas wait and would speak
 with our kin.
 Not in the dark do we fight--haggle and flout and
 gibe;
 Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for a
 bribe.
 Gifts have we only to-day--Love without promise or
 fee--
 Hear, for thy children speak, from the uttermost parts
 of the sea!" 1

"Truly ye come of The Blood; slower to bless than to
 ban;
 Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man.
 Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that
 I bare;
 Stark as your sons shall be--stern as your fathers
 were.

* * * * *

Ay, talk to your gray mother that bore you on her
 knees!--
 That ye may talk together, brother to brother's
 face--
 Thus for the good of your peoples--thus for the
 Pride of the Race.
 Also we will make promise. So long as The Blood
 endures,
 I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel
 that my strength is yours:
 In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of
 all,
 That Our House stand together and the pillars do not
 fall.
 Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold
 bands,
 And the Law that ye make shall be law after the rule
 of your lands.
 This for the waxen Heath, and that for the Wattle-
 bloom,
 This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the southern
 Broom.
 The Law that ye make shall be law and I do not
 press my will,
 Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me Mother
 still.

1--Kipling, "Verses", The Song of the Sons

"Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must
 speak to you,
 After the use of the English, in straight-flung words
 and few.
 Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your
 ways,
 Balking the end half-won for an instant dole of
 praise.
 Stand to your work and be wise--certain of sword
 and pen,
 Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a
 world of men!" ¹

Thus sang the poet of the building of the Empire he loved. Many of his poems which are quoted elsewhere might well be included within this grouping, such as--The Native-Born and The Heritage. One poem, herein quoted, The White Man's Burden, Kipling first addressed to the United States when they undertook the care of the Philippines; but it was also so definitely applicable to the British Empire that it has become accepted as so doing. Certainly the poem voices the author's conviction that the English--he never called them British--were charged by Divine Power to go forth and enlighten the world's "Fluttered folk". The Lost Legion should also be mentioned as belonging within this group, but for greater unity, quotation was omitted. Always, Kipling was trying to show his readers that the Empire was growing; that it must become an unified whole centering about England as its heart; and that only by a whole-hearted working together for the good of all could this be done. Obviously his idea of Empire was not necessarily conquest but a means of preserving the unity of a great race.

¹--Kipling, "Verses", England's Answer

POEMS
of the
EMPIRE'S WARS

As surely as an Empire is built so is that building hedged about by conflict. In his earliest poems, Kipling had recognized this fact. As will be remembered his prize poem of his school days was based upon the story of an earlier war. Later in India and again upon his return to England he was to write of the soldiers -- both of the Empire and of the enemy. The most famous of the latter is undoubtedly Fuzzy-Wuzzy; while Tommy, The Young British Soldier, and many other soldier poems exalted the Empire's fighting men and helped to make the British soldier what he is today.

Most of the poems related to the Empire's wars which Kipling wrote were the result of wars rather than being of the wars. Among these may be numbered the Ballad of the East and West which is probably one of his best known. Here also should be placed The Absent Minded Beggar which he wrote to help raise money for the support of the families of the men fighting in the Boer War.

The M.I. and The Parting of the Columns are two which give fine pictures of the comradeship within the troops; the latter shows with unusual clarity the way in which trooping together forges the bonds of Empire.

"We've rode and fought and ate and drunk as rations
 come to hand,
 Together for a year and more around this stinkin'
 land:
 Now you are goin' home again, but we must see it
 through,
 We needn't tell we liked you well. Good-bye--
 good luck to you!"¹

1--Kipling, "The Five Nations", The Parting of the Columns

"You 'ad no special call to come, and so you doubled
out,
And learned us how to camp and cook an' steal a
horse and scout:
Whatever game we fancied most, you joyful played
it too,
And rather better on the whole. Good-bye--good
luck to you!

* * * * *

"Our blood 'as truly mixed with yours--all down the
Red Cross train,
We've bit the same thermometer in Bloeming-
typhoidtein.
We've 'ad the same old temp'rature--the same
relapses too,
The same old saw-backed fever-chart. Good-bye--
good luck to you!

"But 'twasn't merely this an' that (which all the world
may know),
'Twas how you talked an' looked at things which
made us like you so.
All independent, queer an' odd, but most amazin'
new,
My word! you shook us up to rights. Good-bye--
good luck to you!

* * * * *

"We've seen your 'ome by word o' mouth, we've
watched your rivers shine,
We've 'eard your bloomin' forests blow of eucalip'
an' pine;
Your young, gay countries north an' south, we feel
we own 'em too,
For they was made by rank an' file. Good-bye--
good luck to you!

"We'll never read the papers now without inquiren'
first
For word from all those friendly dorps where you
was born an' nursed.
Why, Dawson, Galle, an' Montreal--Port Darwin--
Timaru,
They're only just across the road! Good-bye--
good luck to you!

"Good-bye!--So long! Don't lose yourselves--nor
us, nor all kind friends,
But tell the girls your side the drift we're comin'--
when it ends!
Good-bye, you bloomin' Atlases! You've taught us
somethin' new:
The world's no bigger than a kraal. Good-bye--
good luck to you!"

Still another type of poem written because of the Empire's wars is found in Kitchener's School, which Kipling wrote after the Sudan War of 1898; and in The Return which summed up the whole national lesson to be learned from the Boer War.

"Peace is declared, an' I return
 To 'Ackneystadt, but not the same;
 Things 'ave transpired which made me learn
 The size and meanin' of the game.
 I did no more than others did,
 I don't know where the change began;
 I started as a average kid,
 I finished as a thinkin' man.

"If England was what England seems
 An' not the England of our dreams,
 But only putty, brass, an' paint,
 'Ow quick we'd drop 'er! But she
ain't!

* * * * *

"Also Time runnin' into years--
 A thousand Places left be'ind--
 An' Men from both two 'emispheres
 Discussin' things of every kind;
 So much more near than I 'ad known,
 So much more great than I 'ad guessed--
 An' me, like all the rest, alone--
 But reachin' out to all the rest!

"So 'ath it come to me--not pride,
 Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole
 (If such a term may be applied),
 The makin's of a bloomin' soul.
 But now, discharged, I fall away
 To do with little things again. . . .
 Gawd, 'oo knows all I cannot say,
 Look after me in Thamesfontein!

"If England was what England seems
 An' not the England of our dreams,
 But only putty, brass, an' paint,
 'Ow quick we'd chuck 'er! But she
ain't!" 1

Kipling--"The Five Nations", The Return

There are two which should be mentioned because they are of more recent date. The Outlaw, written in 1914, was obviously about the German government--an enemy of the Empire; while The Choice, 1917, is Kipling's comment upon the entrance of America into World War I as an ally of his Empire. It is interesting when one considers his feeling for most Americans.

"To the Judge of Right and Wrong
With Whom fulfilment lies
Our purpose and our power belong,
Our faith and sacrifice.

"Let Freedom's Land rejoice!
Our ancient bonds are riven;
Once more to us the eternal choice
Of Good or Ill is given.

* * * * *

"But, after the fires and the wrath,
But, after searching and pain,
His Mercy opens us a path
To live with ourselves again.

* * * * *

"Then praise the Lord Most High
Whose Strength hath saved us whole,
Who bade us choose that the Flesh should die
And not the living Soul!

"To the God in Man displayed--
Where e'er we see that Birth,
Be love and understanding paid
As never yet on earth!

"To the Spirit that moves in Man,
On Whom all worlds depend,
Be Glory since our world began
And service to the end!" ¹

On the whole one would judge from the above that for once he did approve of what the Americans did.

1--Kipling, "The Years Between", The Choice

In this chapter, an attempt has been made to show that Kipling's war poems were of various types and to give one or two examples from each of those types. Since all his "soldier" poems and many of those he wrote just before, during, and immediately following World War I, might be called war poems, the field is too large to mention all of them. There is, however, one more to which attention should be called because of its timeliness in the present crisis--it is dated 1914-18--and under the title Big Steamers Kipling has asked and answered a vital question of to-day--

"Oh, where are you going to, all you Big Steamers,
With England's own coal, up and down the salt seas?'
'We are going to fetch you your bread and your butter,
Your beef, pork, and mutton, eggs, apples, and
cheese.'

"And where will you fetch it from, all you Big Steamers,
And where shall I write you when you are away?'
'We fetch it from Melbourne, Quebec, and Vancouver--
Address us at Hobart, Hong-Kong, and Bombay.'

"But if anything happened to all you Big Steamers,
And suppose you were wrecked up and down the salt
sea?'
'Then you'd have no coffee or bacon for breakfast,
And you'd have no muffins or toast for your tea.'

* * * * *

"Then what can I do for you, all you Big Steamers,
Oh, what can I do for your comfort and good?'
'Send out your big warships to watch your big waters,
That no one may stop us from bringing you food.'

"For the bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble,
The sweets that you suck and the joints that you carve,
They are brought you daily by all us Big Steamers--
And if anyone hinders our coming you'll starve!'" ¹

Indeed Kipling might well have been speaking of the present War!

¹--Kipling, "Songs for Youth", Big Steamers

POEMS

on the

EMPIRE'S POLITICAL PROBLEMS



While on his journeys Kipling was learning at first hand the work of the Empire and its peoples, there were few who had begun to think in terms of Empire patriotism--the Empire was not an entirety as yet, there was nothing concrete. To be sure, two other men had written books in the same vein that Kipling's poetry was to take; but they were books of more interest to learned men than to the general public and were not widely read. However it is of interest to note that in 1886 Froude urged--

"It begins to be admitted that were Canada and South Africa and Australia and New Zealand members of one body with us, with a free flow of our population into them, we might sit secure against shifts and changes." ¹

And that in 1890, Sir Charles W. Dilke wrote--

"It is not unusual for men to argue as though we were on the way to lose an Empire which had descended to us from our forefathers; but it is worthy to remark that our real colonial Empire, as Professor Seeley and other historians have well shown, is the creation of a century, and almost of our own time. The full development of the British power in India itself belongs to the present reign, and the rise of Australia and Canada and New Zealand is entirely of our day. The West Indies which were much thought of by our forefathers are still ours to the same extent to which they owned them, but are unimportant as compared with the vast bulk of our modern dominions and the magnitude of their trade. Our forefathers lost and embittered against us the American states, and it is in the present century that the British Empire has been both rapidly developed to its full extent, consolidated, and made prosperous and happy. Other countries have owned at various times colonies such as were the colonies of the Regency and of George IV and William IV, but no country has ever owned and it may be safely said no country will ever own, such magnificent daughter states as those of Australia, South Africa, and the Canadian Dominion--full of wealth, and force, and pleasant life." ²

Both these men were obviously thinking in the same direction toward which Kipling's mind was turning--Dilke using the word EMPIRE in the

¹--Froude, "Oceana"

²--Dilke, "Problems of Greater Britain"

same sense in which Kipling had done in Ave Imperatrix.

It was Kipling's ever increasing interest in the problems of government--especially regarding the Empire--which led to his first taking a definite stand on an international issue which had become, and still is, controversial to a white heat. Shortly after his return to England in 1888-9. the papers announced that the members of the Parnell Commission had been cleared. They had been involved in a murder connected with their efforts on behalf of a part of Ireland in regard to the ever recurring question of Home Rule. Many people, including Kipling's uncle, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, were hailing Parnell as a "Christ" and were startled when Kipling published his 'Cleared' in which he disagreed with them most heartily, saying--

"Help for a patriot distressed, a spotless spirit hurt,
Help for an honourable clan sore trampled in the dirt!
From Queenstown bay to Donegal, O listen to my song,
The honourable gentlemen have suffered grievous
wrong.

"Their noble names were mentioned--O the burning
black disgrace!--
By a brutal Saxon paper in an Irish shooting-case;
They sat upon it for a year, then steeled their heart
to brave it,
And 'coruscating innocence' the learned Judges
gave it.

* * * * *

"They never told the ramping crowd to card a woman's
hide,
They never marked a man for death--what fault of
theirs he died?--
They only said 'intimidate', and talked and went
away--
By God, the boys that did the work were braver men
than they!

* * * * *

"Cleared--you that 'lost' the League accounts--go
 guard our honour still,
 Go, help to make our country's laws that broke God's
 law at will--
 One hand stuck out behind the back, to signal 'strike
 again';
 The other on your dress-shirt-front to show your
 heart is clane.

"If black is black or white is white, in black and white
 it's down,
 You're only traitors to the Queen and rebels to the
 Crown.
 If print is print or words are words, the learned Court
 perpend;--
 We are not ruled by murderers, but only--by their
 friends." 1

This poem marked a turning point in his career--from now on he
 marched for the Empire. It also illustrates clearly why many of
 those in power politically did not favor Kipling--he wielded a
 caustic pen.

Shortly after this step had been taken, disturbed by the lack
 of Empire interest among the so-called "Little Englanders" who
 wanted no part in it, Kipling was moved to write--

"Winds of the World, give answer! They are
 whimpering to and fro--
 And what should they know of England who only
 England know?--
 The poor little street-bred people that vapour and
 fume and brag,
 They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at
 the English Flag!

"Must we borrow a clout from the Boer--to plaster
 anew with dirt?
 An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's shirt?
 We may not speak of England; her Flag's to sell or
 share.
 What is the Flag of England? Winds of the World,
 declare!" 2

This the poet asked of the winds and they each answered, showing
 how far the English Flag had moved proudly over the world. Possibly

1--Kipling, "Verses", "Cleared"
 2-- " " " , The English Flag

the most telling is--

"The West Wind called: 'In squadrons the thought-
less galleons fly
That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred people
die.
They make my might their porter, they make my
house their path,
Till I loose my neck from their rudder and overwhelm
them all in my wrath.

* * * * *

"But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether by
dark or day,
I heave them whole to the conger or rip their plates
away,
First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes
by.

"The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it--the frozen
dews have kissed--
The naked stars have seen it, a fellow-star in the mist.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my
breath to dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it
is there!"¹

Thus from time to time we find him declaring himself upon some political problem, always in an attempt to awake the general public to the needs of the situation. His opinions were not always the popular ones, but he stated them freely and firmly; and he refused all honors from the government in order to keep this independence to criticise when he felt there was need.

Later, in 1912, we find the Home Rule question stirring him to action again and he declared himself for Ulster in a poem by that name, this time apparently declaring with the more popular opinion that Ulster would have just cause to fight.

"We asked no more than leave
To reap where we had sown,
Through good and ill to cleave
To our own flag and throne.

¹--Kipling, "Verses", The English Flag

Now England's shot and steel
 Beneath that flag must show
 How loyal hearts should kneel
 To England's oldest foe.

* * *

"Believe, we dare not boast
 Believe, we do not fear--
 We stand to pay the cost
 In all that men hold dear.
 What answer from the North?
 One Law, one Land, one Throne,
 If England drive us forth
 We shall not stand alone."¹

Prominent among Kipling's poems on political problems there are two dealing with relations between Russia and the Empire. The first in 1898 was to argue against a truce with that country in The Truce of the Bear, while twenty years later he was to condemn those who talked in Parliament instead of helping in the last days of Russia's struggle in Russia to the Pacifists.

Kipling early urged the Empire to avoid entanglement with Germany--once in An Imperial Rescript which sounded a note of distrust for the young Kaiser, and again in 1902. At that time Germany asked England to help by a combined naval demonstration in the collection of a debt from Venezuela. Kipling's answer to the proposal is found in The Rowers--

"Our dead they mocked are scarcely cold,
 Our wounds are bleeding yet--
 And you tell us now that our strength is sold
 To help them press for a debt!

"'Neath all the flags of all mankind
 That use upon the seas,
 Was there no other fleet to find
 That you strike hands with these?

"Of evil times that men can choose
 On evil fate to fall,
 What brooding Judgment let you loose
 To pick the worst of all?

¹--Kipling, "The Years Between", Ulster

"In sight of peace--from the Narrow Seas
 O'er half the world to run--
 With a cheated crew, to league anew
 With the Goth and the shameless Hun!"¹

There were many other times when through the press Kipling lashed out at those whom he considered foes of the Empire. There are two poems dealing with questions purely English which should be mentioned here. In 1909 Kipling felt that Parliament was in the hands of vote seeking politicians who to gain favor had reduced the standing Army and Navy. Therefore he wrote a scathing condemnation of democracy in The City of Brass. Again when Parliament reassembled after the coronation of George V, the Government gave no indication of allowing their followers any leeway to vote according to conviction but insisted on a strictly party vote on the Declaration of London. This bill had been very unpopular and Parliament had been urged not to pass it; but by this method it was passed but had to be repealed later. When the papers reported that the bill had been passed, Kipling published his poem, The Declaration of London, in which he protested--

"Our ears still carry the sound
 Of our once Imperial seas,
 Exultant after our King was crowned,
 Beneath the sun and the breeze.
 It is too early to have them bound
 Or sold at your decrees.

"Wait till the memory goes,
 Wait till the visions fade,
 We may betray in time, God knows,
 But we would not have it said,
 When you make report to our scornful foes,
 That we kissed as we betrayed!"²

It would seem, therefore, that Kipling during his lifetime was to take an active interest in all Empire questions, to comment upon

¹--Kipling, "The Years Between", The Rowers

²--" , " , The Declaration of London

them frequently enough so that the reading public of England acquired the habit of looking for his comments upon controversial questions. One bitter denunciation of the law-makers' policy in regard to the armed forces is so self-explanatory that it is quoted without comment.

"We thought we ranked above the chance of ill.
 Others might fall, not we, for we were wise--
 Merchants in freedom. So, of our free-will
 We let our servants drug our strength with lies.
 The pleasure and the poison had its way
 On us as on the meanest, till we learned
 That he who lies will steal, who steals slay.
 Neither God's judgment nor man's heart was
 turned.

"Yet there remains His Mercy--to be sought
 Through wrath and peril till we cleanse the wrong
 By that last right which our forefathers claimed
 When their Law failed them and its stewards were bought.
 This is our cause. God help us, and make strong
 Our wills to meet Him later, unashamed!"₁

Again in 1917 in Mesopotamia we find the poet regretting the deaths caused--as he felt--by red-tape legislature which in his opinion was back of the many delays in sending help to fighting men in need.

"They shall not return to us, the resolute, the young,
 The eager and whole-hearted whom we gave;
 But the men who left them thriftily to die in their
 own dung,
 Shall they come with years and honour to the
 grave?

* * * * *

"Their lives cannot repay us--their deaths could not
 undo--
 The shame that they have laid upon one race:
 But the slothfulness that wasted and the arrogance
 that slew,
 Shall we leave it unabated in its place?"₂

Certainly no one can deny that Rudyard Kipling was a grand fighter for the Empire and used his pen mightily to help as best he could.

1--Kipling, "The Years Between", The Covenant 2--in "The Years Between"

POEMS on EMPIRE EVENTS

Just as surely as Empire building is accompanied by war and by political controversy, so also are there certain events which stand out above all others. It has been mentioned that Kipling sounded his first imperialistic note in writing of one such happening--the attempted assassination of Queen Victoria--in his Ave Imperatrix. This he continued to do throughout his lifetime to such an extent that, when his death preceded that of George V by so short a time, it was said that the King had taken his poet with him. This in spite of the fact that he was never made Poet Laureate.

During the reign of Queen Victoria, there were three events of Empire wide importance which he celebrated in poetry. The first of these was her sixtieth Jubilee. Watching the complacency with which the people accepted the pomp and ceremony of that glorious event, Rudyard Kipling was worried for the future; and he wrote his famous Recessional, quotation from which will be made later as the poem is more truly a hymn or prayer.

Following this event, when the Premier of Canada, Sir Wilfred Laurier, returned home "his government gave to the mother country a preference of over thirty per cent. in the Canadian tariff."¹ This bill is known as the Canadian Preferential Tariff of 1897; and in honor of its passing, Kipling immediately wrote in Our Lady of the Snows:--

"A Nation spoke to a Nation,
A Queen sent word to a Throne:
'Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order,'
Said our Lady of the Snows.

* * * * *

¹--Trevelyan, "British History in the Nineteenth Century"

"Carry the word to my sisters--
 To the Queens of the East and the South.
 I have proven faith in the Heritage
 By more than the word of the mouth.
 They that are wise may follow
 Ere the world's war-trumpet blows;
 But I--I am first in the battle,'
 Said our Lady of the Snows.

"A Nation spoke to a Nation,
 A Throne sent word to a Throne;
 'Daughter am I in my mother's house,
 But mistress in my own!
 The gates are mine to open,
 As the gates are mine to close,
 And I abide by my mother's house,'
 Said our Lady of the Snows." ¹

"In 1900 after a decade of discussion and postponement, the terms of the Federal Union were agreed upon, the several colonies becoming States of the Australian Commonwealth. Three weeks before the death of Queen Victoria, the birth of the new nation was proclaimed on the first day of the new century." ²

Again we find Kipling's pen ready to do honor in The Young Queen, from which some of the more significant lines are quoted.

"Her hand was still on her sword-hilt, the spur was
 still on her heel,
 She had not cast her harness of grey war-dinted
 steel;
 High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful, bold,
 and browned,
 Bright-eyed out of the battle, the Young Queen
 rode to be crowned.

"She came to the Old Queen's presence, in the Hall
 of Our Thousand Years--
 In the Hall of the Five Free Nations that are peers
 among their peers:
 Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed the
 head,
 Crying:--'Crown me, my Mother!' And the Old
 Queen stood and said:--

"How can I crown thee further? I know whose
 standard flies

1--Kipling, "The Five Nations", Our Lady of the Snows
 2--Trevelyan, "British History in the Nineteenth Century"

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AND ARCHITECTURE

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Where the clean surge takes the Leeuwin or the
coral barriers rise.
Blood of our foes on thy bridle, and speech of our
friends in thy mouth--
How can I crown thee further, O Queen of the
Sovereign South?

"Let the Five Free Nations witness!' But the
Young Queen answered swift:--
'It shall be crown of Our crowning to hold Our
crown for a gift.
In the days when Our folk were feeble thy sword
made sure Our lands;
Wherefore We come in power to take Our crown at
thy hands.'

"And the Old Queen raised and kissed her, and the
jealous circlet prest,
Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red with
the gold of the West,
Lit with her land's own opals, levin-hearted, alive,
And the five-starred cross above them, for sign of
the Nations Five.

"So it was done in the Presence--in the Hall of Our
Thousand Years,
In the face of the Five Free Nations that have no
peer but their peers;
And the Young Queen out of the Southland kneeled
down at the Old Queen's knee,
And asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent
years to be." 1

At the death of King Edward VII in 1910, Kipling honored him
reverently in the Dead King.

"Who in the Realm to-day lays down dear life for the
sake of a land more dear?
And, unconcerned for his own estate, toils till the last
grudged sands have run?
Let him approach, It is proven here
Our King asks nothing of any man more than Our
King himself has done.

* * * * *

1--Kipling, "The Five Nations", The Young Queen

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"As he received so he gave-- nothing grudged,
 naught denying,
 Not even the last gasp of his breath when he strove
 for us, dying.
 For our sakes, without question, he put from him
 all that he cherished.
 Simply as any that serve him he served and he
 perished.
 All that Kings covet was his, and he flung it aside
 for us.
 Simply as any that die in his service he died for us.

"Who in the Realm to-day has choice of the easy road or
 the hard to tread?
 And, much concerned for his own estate, would sell
 his soul to remain in the sun?
 Let him depart nor look on Our dead.
 Our King asks nothing of any man more than Our
 King himself has done." 1

Another Jubilee was celebrated--King George V had lived through
 twenty-five years of troubled reign. He had been trained for a
 naval career rather than for the throne because he was the second
 son; but the death of his older brother had made it necessary for
 him to leave his beloved sea and take up the responsibility for the
 Empire. How well he did that every one knows. He and Kipling were
 close friends and upon his Jubilee the significant poem The King and
the Sea was written.

"After his realms and states were moved
 To bare their hearts to the King they loved,
 Tendering themselves in homage and devotion,
 The tide wave up the Channel spoke
 To all those eager, exultant folk:
 'Hear now what man was given you by the
 Ocean!

"There was no thought of orb or crown
 When the single, wooden chest went down
 To the steering-flat, and the careless gunroom
 hailed him
 To learn by ancient and bitter use,
 How neither favour nor excuse,
 Nor aught save his sheer self henceforth availed
 him.

* * * * *

I--, "The Years Between", The Dead King

"I dealt him power beneath his hand,
 For trial and proof, with his first command--
 Himself alone, and no man to gainsay him.
 On him the end, the means, and the word
 And the harsher judgment if he erred,
 And--outboard--ocean waiting to betray him.

"Wherefore, when he came to be crowned,
 Strength in duty held him bound,
 So that not power misled nor ease ensnared him
 Who had spared himself no more than his seas
 had spared!"

"After his lieges, in all his lands,
 Had laid their hands between his hands
 And his ships thundered service and devotion
 The tide wave, ranging the planet, spoke
 On all our foreshores as it broke:
 'Know now what man I gave you--I, the ocean!'"¹

Kipling wrote many other poems in celebration of events of Empire importance. One of the more minor ones is The Burial written in memory of the last rites for Cecil Rhodes in 1902. Kipling felt that Rhodes was a great man, an Empire builder, and thus of importance to the Empire and wrote:--

"When that great Kings return to clay,
 Or Emperors in their pride,
 Grief of a day shall fill a day,
 Because its creature died.
 But we--we reckon not with those
 Whom the mere Fates ordain,
 This Power that wrought on us and goes
 Back to the Power again.

* * * * *

"There, till the vision he foresaw
 Splendid and whole arise,
 And unimagined Empires draw
 To council 'neath his skies,
 The immense and brooding Spirit still
 Shall quicken and control.
 Living he was the land, and dead,
 His soul shall be her soul!"²

1--Kipling, The King and The Sea, found in "Time" of July 29, 1935
 2-- " , "The Five Nations", The Burial

Again in 1914, we find him writing of the death of a man--this time a soldier of the Empire, Lord Roberts,--whom Kipling felt had done great service for his rulers. Lord Roberts was the "Bobs" of Kipling's earlier soldier poems in India. He died as a result of a chill suffered following his visit to the Indian troops during their unhappy, suffering winter in France in 1914.

"He passed in the very battle-smoke
Of the war that he had descried.
Three hundred mile of cannon spoke
When the Master-Gunner died.

"He passed to the very sound of the guns;
But, before his eye grew dim,
He had seen the faces of the sons
Whose sires had served with him.

* * * * *

"So he dismissed them and took his rest,
And the steadfast spirit went forth
Between the adoring East and West
And the tireless guns of the North." ¹

As late as 1934, we find Kipling writing of Empire events. He wrote an ode in admiration of the men of Australia which was used in connection with the Armistice Day dedication of the Shrine of Remembrance at Melbourne that year; and also two odes for the Pageant of Parliament of the summer, 1934. One of these was recited during the Elizabethan episode and contained these lines in reference to the Englishman of that period--

"Fate and their foemen proved them
Above all need and praise,
And Gloriana loved them,
And Shakespeare wrote them plays." ²

The other, Non, nobis, Domine, was sung in the closing episode of the pageant and has been called by some critics, including the New York

1--Kipling, "The Years Between", Lord Roberts
2-- " , found in The Kipling Journal, September, 1934

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Times, Kipling's second recessionary. It seems rather fitting therefore to end the discussion of his poems in celebration of Empire events with a quotation from this ode.

"Non, nobis, Domine!
 Not unto us, O Lord,
 The praise and glory be
 Of any deed or word.
 For in Thy judgment lies
 To crown or bring to nought
 All knowledge and device
 That man has reached or wrought.

* * * * *

"But grant us yet to see
 In all our piteous ways,
 Non nobis, Domine
 Not unto us the praise." ¹

¹--Kipling, found in The Kipling Journal, September, 1934

POEMS
of
WARNING to the EMPIRE

"I dip and I surge and I swing
 In the rip of the racing tide,
 By the gates of doom I sing,
 On the horns of death I ride.
 A ship-length overside,
 Between the course and the sand,
 Fretted and bound I bide
 Peril whereof I cry." 1

Thus identifying himself with the bell-buoys along the coast, did Kipling announce his belief that it was his charge to waken and warn the people.

In the Lesson he tried to show the people of the Empire the things which may be learned from war. It undoubtedly was written with the South African wars in mind since Kipling had been an eye witness to much of what went on there.

"Let us admit it fairly, as a business people should,
 We have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no end
 of good.

"Not on a single issue, or in one direction or twain
 But conclusively, comprehensively, and several times
 and again,
 Were all our most holy illusions knocked higher than
 Gilderoy's kite.
 We have had a jolly good lesson, and it serves us
 jolly well right!

"This was not bestowed us under trees, nor yet in
 the shade of a tent,
 But swingingly, over eleven degrees of a bare brown
 continent.
 From Lamberts to Delagoa Bay, and from Pieters-
 burg to Sutherland,
 Fell the phenomenal lesson we learned--with a full-
 ness accorded no other land.

"It was our fault, and our very great fault--and now
 we must turn it to use;
 We have forty million reasons for failure, but not a
 single excuse!

1--Kipling, "The Five Nations", The Bell Buoy

I have a little more to say about
the subject of the letter which
you have just received. I am
very glad to hear that you
are interested in the subject
and I am sure that you will
find it very interesting.

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find it very interesting.

"So the more we work and the less we talk the better
 results we shall get--
 We have had an Imperial lesson; it may make us an
 Empire yet! 1

This poem was received more willingly than two which proved to be
 among his most unpopular warning poems--The Old Men and The Islanders.
 They apparently caused a storm of protest against an "Outlander"
 criticising the English-born. They are quoted below, in part only.

"This our lot if we live so long and labour unto the
 end--
 That we outlive the impatient years and the much too
 patient friend:
 And because we know we have breath in our mouth
 and think we have thought in our head,
 We shall assume that we are alive, whereas we are
 really dead.

"We shall not acknowledge that old stars fade or alien
 planets arise
 (That the sere bush buds or the desert blooms or the
 ancient well-head dries),
 Or any new compass wherewith new men adventure
 'neath new skies.

"We shall lift up the ropes that constrained our youth
 to bind on our children's hands;

* * * * *

"We shall abide till the battle is won ere we amble
 into the fray.

* * * * *

"We shall peck out and discuss and dissect, and evert
 and extrude to our mind,
 The flaccid tissues of long-dead issues offensive to
 God and mankind--

* * * * *

"Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work,
 and that is the perfectest Hell of it!" 2

"Men, not gods, devised it. Men, not gods, must
 keep.
 Men, not children, servants or kinsfolk called from afar,
 But each man born in the Island broke to the matter
 of war.
 Soberly and by custom taken and trained for the
 same;
 Each man born in the Island entered at youth to the
 game--

1--Kipling, "The Five Nations", The Lesson
 2-- " , " , The Old Men

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

TO THE HONORABLE THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
FROM
THE DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
SUBJECT: A REPORT ON THE PROGRESS OF THE RESEARCHES
CONDUCTED IN THE DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
DURING THE YEAR 1954

REPORT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
FOR THE YEAR 1954

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"So ye shall bide sure-guarded when the restless
lightnings wake
In the womb of the blotting war-cloud, and the
pallid nations quake.

* * * * *

"But ye say, 'It will mar our comfort.' Ye say, 'It
will minish our trade.'
Do ye wait for the spattered shrapnel ere ye learn
how a gun is laid?
For the low, red glare to southward when the raided
coast-towns burn?
(Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little time to
learn.)

* * * * *

"Will ye pray them or preach them, or print them, or
ballot them back from your shore?
Will your workmen issue a mandate to bid them
strike no more?

* * * * *

No doubt but ye are the People--absolute, strong, and
wise;
Whatever your heart has desired ye have not withheld
from your eyes.
On your own heads, in your own hands, the sin and
the saving lies!"₁

"Look you, our foreshore stretches far through sea-
gate, dyke, and groin--
Made land all, that our fathers made, where the flats
and the fairway join.
They forced the sea a sea-league back. They died,
and their work stood fast.
We were born to peace in the lee of the dykes, but
the time of our peace is past.

* * * * *

"Now we can only wait till the day, wait and apportion
our shame!
These are the dykes our father left, but we would
not look to the same.
Time and again were we warned of the dykes, time
and again we delayed:
Now, it may fall, we have slain our sons as our fathers
we have betrayed.

Walking along the wreck of the dykes, watching the
work of the seas,
These were the dykes our fathers made to our great
profit and ease;
But the peace is gone and the profit gone, and the
old sure day withdrawn . . ." ₂

₁--Kipling, "The Five Nations", The Islanders
₂--" , " , The Dykes

The warning note in An Imperial Rescript has been mentioned elsewhere. Kipling seems always to have been awake to the dangers of a strengthening Germany. In the years between 1903 which marked the end of the South African wars and 1914 his warnings became almost prophetic--as indicated by the above quotations. The dedication to his collection, "The Five Nations", published in 1903 sounded the same solemn warning against becoming too complacent during peace; and many of the poems in the collection, "The Years Between", give warning again and again to those with listening hearts. In The Veterans is found--

"One service more we dare to ask--
Pray for us, heroes, pray,
That when Fate lays on us our task
We do not shame the Day!"

Is that "Day", mentioned both here and in The Dykes, the "day of Armageddon, * * * the last great fight of all," which he had already foretold in England's Answer? Many of the British Empire felt that day had come when World War I broke--but how much more truly the words of the poet fit today's strife.

One of Kipling's finest warnings is found in The Heritage which seems to speak the message most appealingly.

"Our Fathers in a wondrous age,
Ere yet the Earth was small,
Ensured to us an heritage,
And doubted not at all
That we, the children of their heart,
Which then did beat so high,
In later time should play like part
For our posterity.

"A thousand years they steadfast built,
To 'vantage us and ours,
The Walls that were a world's despair,
The sea-constraining Towers:
Yet in their midmost pride they knew,

" And unto Kings make known,
 Not all from these their strength they drew,
 Their faith from brass or stone.

* * * * *

"Refraining e'en from lawful things,
 They bowed the neck to bear
 The unadorned yoke that brings
 Stark toil and sternest care.
 Wherefore, through them, is Freedom sure;
 Wherefore, through them, we stand,
 From all but sloth and pride secure,
 In a delightsome land.

"Then, fretful, murmur not they gave
 So great a charge to keep,
 Nor dream that awestruck Time shall save
 Their labour while we sleep.
 Dear-bought and clear, a thousand year,
 Our fathers' title runs.
 Make we likewise their sacrifice,
 Defrauding not our sons!" 1

Was this written of yesteryear? Surely, in his poems of warning,
 Rudyard Kipling speaks, through them, from the grave!

1-Kipling, "Songs of Youth", The Heritage

EMOTIONAL REACTIONS

to the

EMPIRE

"Let us now praise famous men--
 Men of little showing--
 For their work continueth,
 And their work continueth,
 Broad and deep continueth,
 Greater than their knowing!" 1

"Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
 Our love and toil in the years to be;
 When we are grown and take our place,
 As men and women with our race.

"Father in Heaven, who lovest all,
 Oh help Thy children when they call;
 That they may build from age to age,
 An undefiled heritage.

"Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
 * * * * *

"Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
 Controlled and cleanly night and day;
 * * * * *

"Teach us to look in all our ends,
 On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
 * * * * *

"Teach us the Strength that cannot seek.
 By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
 * * * * *

"Teach us Delight in simple things,
 And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
 Forgiveness free of evil done,
 And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

"Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
 For whose dear sake our fathers died;
 Oh Motherland, we pledge to thee,
 Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!" 2

"For all we have and are,
 For all our children's fate,
 Stand up and take the war,
 The Hun is at the gate!
 Our world has passed away,
 In wantonness o'erthrown.
 There is nothing left to-day
 But steel and fire and stone!
 Though all we know depart,
 The old Commandments stand:--
 'In courage keep your heart,
 In strength lift up your hand.'

1--Kipling, "Songs of Youth", The School Song
 2-- " " " " " , The Children's Song

"Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old:--
'No law except the Sword
Unsheathed and uncontrolled.'
Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.

"Comfort, content, delight,
The ages' slow-bought gain,
They shrivelled in a night.
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days
In silent fortitude,
Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed.
 Though all we made depart,
 The old Commandments stand:--
 'In patience keep your heart,
 In strength lift up your hand.'

"No easy hope or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.
There is but one task for all--
One life for each to give.
Who stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?" ¹

"The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The Nations in their harness
Go up against our path:
Ere yet we loose the legions--
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid!

* * * * *

"For those who kneel beside us
At altars not Thine own,
Who lack the lights that guide us,
Lord, let their faith atone.
If wrong we did to call them,
By honour bound they came;
Let not Thy Wrath befall them,
But deal to us the blame.

¹-Kipling, "The Years Between", 'For all we have and are'

* * * * *

"E'en now their vanguard gathers,
 E'en now we face the fray--
 As Thou didst help our fathers,
 Help Thou our host to-day!
 Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
 In life, in death made clear--
 Jehovah of the Thunders,
 Lord God of Battles, hear!" 1

"Across a world where all men grieve
 And grieving strive the more,
 The great days range like tides and leave
 Our dead on every shore.
 Heavy the load we undergo,
 And our own hands prepare,
 If we have parley with the foe,
 The load our sons must bear.

"Before we loose the word
 That bids new worlds to birth,
 Needs must we loosen first the sword
 Of Justice upon earth;
 Or else all else is vain
 Since life on earth began,
 And the spent world sinks back again
 Hopeless of God and Man.

* * * * *

"That neither schools nor priests,
 Nor Kings may build again
 A people with the heart of beasts
 Made wise concerning men.
 Whereby our dead shall sleep
 In honour, unbetrayed,
 And we in faith and honour keep
 That peace for which they paid." 2

"These were our children, who died for
 our lands; they were dear in our sight.
 We have only the memory left of their
 home-treasured sayings and laughter.
 The price of our loss shall be paid to our
 hands, not another's hereafter.
 Neither the Alien nor Priest shall decide
 on it. That is our right.
But who shall return us the Children?" 3

1--Kipling, "Verses", Hymn before Action

2-- " , "Years Between", Justice

3-- " , The Children, found in The Kipling Journal, 1940

There are many other poems which might have been included under this heading, but an effort has been made to select those which seem to the writer to be most likely to have lasting appeal; and to some extent have bearing on the Empire's present struggle.

There are two pathetically poignant poems which Kipling wrote from the depths of his heart as an expression both of personal grief and for the grief suffered by all parents because of war. Since they are largely due to emotional reaction, possibly they should be mentioned here--A Nativity and My Boy Jack. In A Nativity a mother asks if it is well with her child who has "died in the dark" for she knows "not where he is laid". The comparison is drawn between her loss and that of Christ's Mother who "saw Him die". Her concluding comfort is given in the last lines of the poem--

"'But I know for Whom he fell'--
The steadfast mother smiled,
'Is it well with the child--is it well?
It is well--it is well with the child!'"

My Boy Jack begs for news of a lost son and that being lacking asks--

"'Oh dear, what comfort can I find?'
None this tide,
Nor any tide,
Except he did not shame his kind--
Not even with that wind blowing, and that tide.

"Then hold your head up all the more,
This tide,
And every tide;
Because he was the son you bore,
And gave to that wind blowing and that tide!"

Possibly these last two have no real imperial significance but certainly they expressed, at the time they were written, the thoughts and questions of many parents throughout the Empire.

Last--but by no means least--is Kipling's greatest prayer or

hymn for the good of his Empire--the song for which he will long be remembered. Written at the end of Queen Victoria's Jubilee because he feared the people would become too complacent from witnessing the display of so much power and grandeur--the Recessional carries a moving plea for Grace and Mercy for the Empire's Peoples.

"God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine--
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget--lest we forget!

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
 The captains and the kings depart:
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget--lest we forget!

"Far-called, our navies melt away;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire:
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Ninevah and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget--lest we forget!

"If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law--
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget--lest we forget!

"For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
 For frantic boast and foolish word--
 Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen."

Rudyard Kipling, a "Native-born", certainly carried a torch for the Empire throughout his lifetime. From the time he first awakened to the vast spread of her lands over the face of the earth he made every effort to arouse all the men of those lands to that same realization. One of his poems, The Widow at Windsor, for which he was most censored was merely his interpretation of the British soldiers' love of their Queen and the awe in which they held her--it was imperialistic in that sense only and therefore has not been mentioned elsewhere. However, when one considers the years during which he worked to educate the Empire's people through his poetry, it now seems unfortunate to realize how the politicians made use of this poem to hinder his recognition by his beloved Queen.

He was much criticized but he was sincere and earnest in his expression of what he thought was for good or evil to the cause of Empire. "We know that his inspiration rings true, and that when his lyre is in his hand he gives us authentic airs of freedom, and of that true Imperialism which is the very negation of the sordid and sorry commercialism which has not imagination enough to conceive an Empire founded on anything but a preference of twenty per cent." ¹

There is no doubt that the England of the last decade of the nineteenth century and the first of the twentieth was a bit questioning about the value of the growing Empire. They were somewhat like our present day isolationists. Kipling felt that the power had been given to open their eyes to the truth and he bent his efforts mightily to that end-- and with apparent success. So much of his poetry is imperialistic that it would be far more simple to deal with that which is not.

¹--"Critical Review of "The Five Nations'" found in The Spectator in London, October 3, 1903

A critical review of "The Five Nations" which appeared in "The Spectator" in London, October 3, 1903--just after the publication of that volume--states:

"Those who are uneasy as to the future of our race because they see in the spirit of Imperialism which has taken hold of the nation certain crude, harsh, selfish, materialistic, and domineering qualities, are apt to look askance at Mr. Kipling, * * * . Yet in reality--there is no saner, or freer, or less domineering Imperialist in existence than Mr. Kipling. If the people who object, and rightly object, to inflated, insane, insensate Imperialism, the Imperialism of the Jingo, would only take the trouble to understand Mr. Kipling's message, they would realize that instead he is the upholder and the interpreter of the true Imperialism, the supporter of nationhood and freedom within the Empire, and the advocate of those sacred bonds of brotherhood and common feeling which link without strain and bind without friction. His are the invisible, unbreakable cords which unite the heart strings, not the links of bullion or of material interest which unite the purse. However, in Mr. Kipling's own phrase, 'they do not understand', and we fear it is useless to try to clear their eyes. At any rate, those who are sane Imperialists and do understand will delight in the tone and temper of the poems in The Five Nations. The name is in itself an act of Imperial interpretation, and signifies that within our free Empire stand five free nations of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and 'the islands of the sea'."

It remains therefore to conclude with Williams Lyons Phelps that "Rudyard Kipling had the double qualification of poetic genius and of convinced Imperialism". Certainly we know that he used those qualifications to teach and to spread the gospel of imperialism to the best of his ability.

1--William Lyons Phelps, an essay, "Rudyard Kipling"

COMPREHENSIVE ABSTRACT

Rudyard Kipling was born at Bombay, India in 1865, in the midst of a period during which England and all her neighboring nations were busy with wars--wars either for the purpose of adding more territory or of keeping that already gained. His family background and inheritance gave him an active, seeking mind, a tenacity of purpose, and a love of words and books. His early years spent in India where he learned to speak both the native Hindustani and English--the former, the more fluently--began his education for an understanding of Empire. His schooling in England away from his family gave him added knowledge which was to further that understanding. Possibly the years spent at Southsea were bitter; but they certainly drove him headlong into the world of books and laid a foundation for his life work. Certainly his school days at Westward Ho! were profitable since, under the guidance of his masters, his desire to write took full possession of him. Into his years at school his father introduced an interlude--his visit to Paris during the Exhibition of '78. There he acquired his first ideas of international relationships, learned to speak French and to love France. From his visit he returned to school with more material stored in his restless, active mind. He learned to write on many subjects, using his pen as an instrument of praise or torture. Before he left the school he had had several poems published by magazines which paid him for his work. In addition, his mother had collected and privately published a volume of the poems which he had sent her from time to time during those school days. And he had shown by his Ave Imperatrix a trace of that imperialism which was to grow.

The years spent in India serving on the editorial staff of two papers--the "Civil and Military Gazette" in Lahore and later the "Pioneer" in Allahabad--taught Kipling many things which were to add to his growth as an imperialistic poet. He gained first hand knowledge of the work of both the Armed Forces and the Civil Commissions from long arguments and talks in the Club. He made friends with the British soldiers and laid the basis for his poems of those soldiers which were to make him famous. Both papers used the young man as a roving reporter and so his knowledge of India and all her peoples was greatly increased. Also, through his habit of night wandering, he came in close contact with the natives in their own environment. Both papers began to use his poems and short stories as material to fill in gaps was needed--thus he learned to say much in little space and acquired his versatility of expression. The collection of these into two volumes was to be his first published adult work.

Always and increasingly through the years Kipling desired to return to England and to visit the widespread colonies of what he was beginning to think of as Empire. At last he persuaded the "Pioneer" to give him a roving commission and selling the rights to his few volumes he started for England, via Japan and United States, arriving in London in 1889. It was during this trip that he wrote to the "Pioneer" that he felt the English people needed a poet to sing of their greatness. While later in London his poem The Neolithic Age declared him as the "singer of my clan" in those early years--thus implying that he would henceforth undertake to sing of the Empire.

From the time of this return to England he as to wander widely and frequently over the Empire; but always he returned to England. He lived for a few years in the United States and although he married an American and had many friends among the Americans, he never seemed able to understand and like the citizens of the country as a whole. Some of his time out of England was spent in South Africa. Here he formed an enduring friendship with Cecil Rhodes.

All his travels served apparently to strengthen his love of Empire and its English heart. His poetry began to show his power to express in verse opinions on Empire matters. Throughout his lifetime he was to use his poetic gift to show the reading public what its Empire meant, how it had been built, and the struggles that resulted from that building--both military and political. He was to take a definite stand in many matters of controversy and present that stand through his poetry, as in--"Cleared", Ulster, and The Declaration of London. He was to tell the story of the explorers, pioneers and settlers and their hardships as they flung the limits of the Empire across sea and land. He was to draw lessons from the wars of the Empire and thus try to teach the Empire its need for unity. He was to send poetic warnings to all the peoples--some of which have an almost prophetic ring. Because of his fearless criticism of politicians and his repeated warnings against inertia, he was to become quite unpopular with many of his fellow citizens. However, as always when a strong mind makes itself heard, he was to have many admirers. There were few events of Empire importance which he did not use as topics for his pen. Beginning in his school days with Ave Imperatrix he continued to write of them until his death; giving

us among others:--

Our Lady of the Snows in honor of the Canadian Preferential tariff of 1897;

The Young Queen, when Australia became a dominion;

The Dead King, on the death of Edward VII; and

The King and The Sea, at the coronation of George V.

In fact, he had become such a chronicler of the Empire's events that when he died so brief a time before his ruler, it was said that the King had lost his poet--and this in spite of the fact that he was never made Poet Laureate.

Among his warning poems are The Old Men, The Islanders, and The Dykes--all of which might as well have been written for the present war as for the generation before World War I.

All through Kipling's poetry is found an almost unBritish emotional expression of love, hope, or fear for the Empire and in none of them is this so strongly marked as in his famous hymn or prayer for grace and help--the Recessional.

Certainly the British Empire and the world lost a powerful singer of Empire events when he died in 1936; for he was blessed with the rare combination of Empire sense and understanding and poetic ability. It is interesting to speculate as to what he would have written of today when one notices the number of times radio news reporters quote from his poetry and also how like Kipling the news of the world sounds.

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